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ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT

THE TWENTY-FIRST COMMENCEMENT

OF THE

Medical Department

OF

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE,

BY

PROF. J. HARRY THOMPSON, M. D.,

AND

P. T. KEENE, M. D.

MARCH 10, 1870.

WASHINGTON, D. C.:

PRINTED BY JUDD & DETWEILER.

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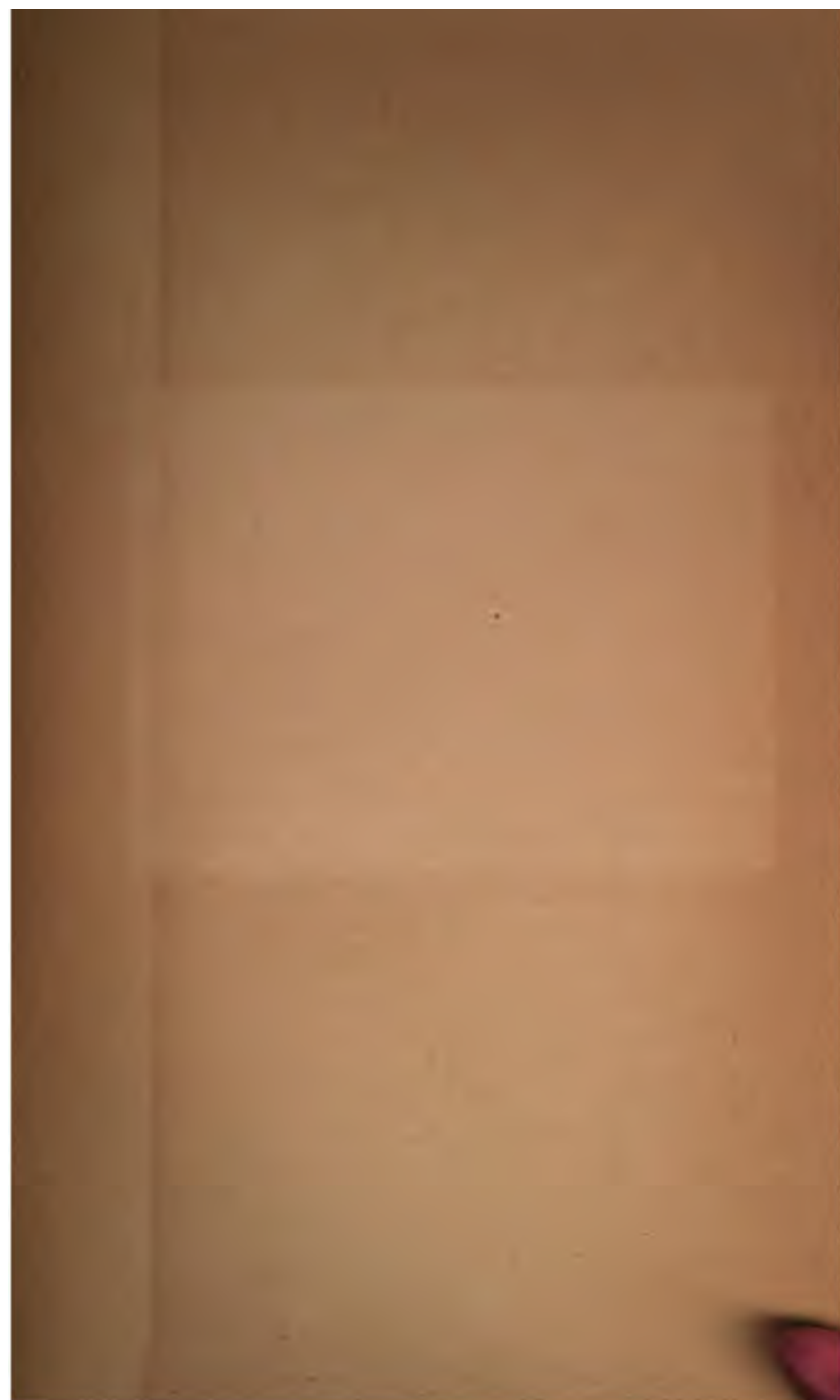
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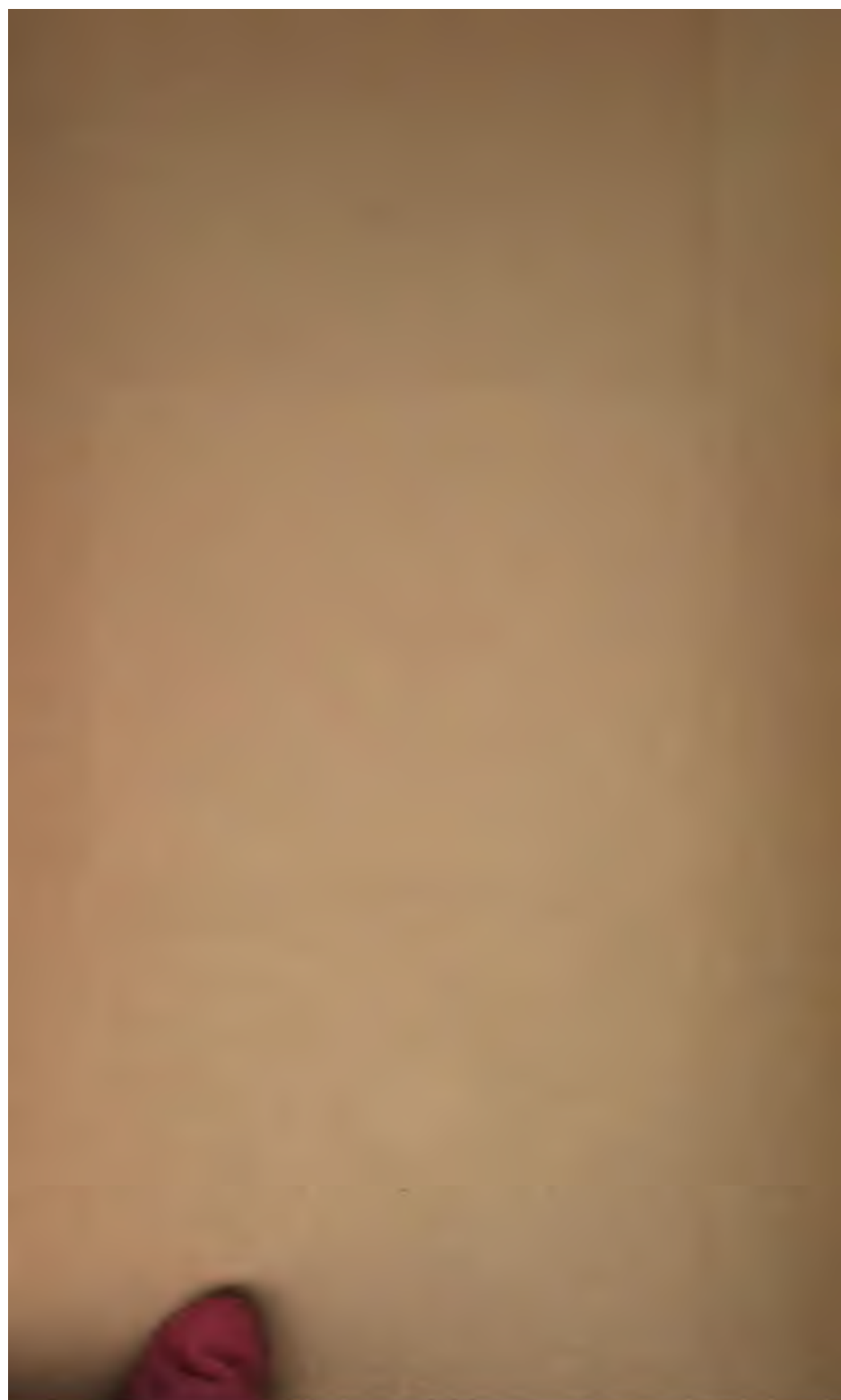
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ADDRESS

OF

J. HARRY THOMPSON, M. D.,

Professor of Physiology and Operative and Clinical Surgery.

GENTLEMEN:

The request of my brethren of the Faculty that I should address you to-day, has given me the opportunity of performing in some respects a very acceptable service. The pleasure it affords me is only qualified by the fear that it is a service for which I may be less fitted than others of my colleagues with whom you have been longer associated, and to whom you are naturally more attached. I thank them, however, for the trial they put me to, and for the confidence thereby expressed. It is an honor, which even a more worthy recipient could not more sincerely appreciate.

I should be but poorly expressing my own sentiments, besides doing you a very great injustice, if, on this, the event of your graduation, I did not tender to you something more than the usual compliments and congratulations customary on such occasion as the present; for I am assured gentlemen, that your preceptors will coincide with me when I say that as a class, and as individuals, you have not only acquitted yourselves well, but nobly. You have acquired the right and title to your profession by a thorough mastery of a course of study equal to that required by any similar institution in the land; and that too in the face of more difficulties, and with less encouragement from the hand of fortune, than usually falls to the lot of medical students. You have given to the world the labor which the world demands, and you have found time, with what sacrifice you alone know, when the day's work was done, to win your ransom from your iron masters and become independent, with an independent profession. Morning saw many of you at your

desk, and evening found you at your books and lectures and in the dissecting room, while millions more fortunate in a pecuniary point of view, were squandering the hours of a very brief life in the mad chase for pleasure and mere animal sensation. The temptations of rest and leisure you have put far away from you, that at some future day you might no longer serve but rule. Thus far you have multiplied the biography of most men who were known to be worthy or who grew to be great, for the most prominent lives have grown from such beginnings. There have been a few darlings of fortune that have flashed across the page of time now and then, but they seem to have been at their very best, little more than fortune's rockets which she keeps housed and dry only that they may explode with greater satisfaction on some great festival of her hard working and worthier children.

I doubt not but that many a time you have faltered when the business of the day left you, brain, heart, and hand weary ere your studies began, but long since you have learned that at such times you were but counting your foes with not a thought of fleeing from them. I rejoice with you to-day over the victory you have gained—a victory which your friends are here to witness and applaud. We must all find as the years are added unto us, that these great soul forces we call *will*, are subject to the same laws of growth and decay as the most material existence about us. Like our muscles and like our consciences even they may fall into disuse—not serving us at all, or serving us to move only in the line of our impulses. They have their equable, deficient, and undue development, but in the book of the life that harmonizes itself, that gives to each of its functions reasonable exercise, restraining this and widening that, unifying and guiding the whole in one unwavering line of thought and action—failure is not written. I cannot conceive of men accomplishing the ends which to-day are assured to you, the circumstances carefully considered, unless you have subjected yourselves to strict self-schooling and discipline, and hence I have put my hand to your diplomas with a feeling of security for the future, and now congratulate you on receiving them. They are little in themselves. Fire will destroy them, rats and mice will eat them up—but that which they

WILL DESTROY

represent shall not pass from you save by your own neglect. They are passports to a land jealous indeed of its citizenship—which months and years of study have alone prepared you to enter and enjoy. They admit you to fellowship with a brotherhood devoted to good works. They are the certificates of ordination to a noble ministry, not one of easy livings and honorary preferments, but a ministry of the body that not unlike that of the soul suffers a catholicity and latitude in means, but adheres to an immutable faith and a personal responsibility. Neither blood nor family nor any of the mere accidents of life, nor the factitious bolsterings of position and influence can help you here; your brain and your heart, your ability and your purpose, are the only titles to nobility and the only paths to preferment which either your country or your profession can be made to acknowledge.

I shall not address you to-day on any specific branch of your profession. Your preparations are made, and the voyage is before you. We who have guided you thus far, stand on the shore to which we have in one sense returned laden with more or less experience from the years we have devoted to the practice you are about to engage in, and wave you out on the ocean, and like anxious friends watch you go down into the horizon. Just as anxiously shall we watch for your re-appearing; yet what a useless vigil must it be. Life is so brief, and the world is so broad, it is hardly in the nature of things that our lines shall ever cross again; yet, before the word is spoken which breaks down forever the barrier between teacher and pupil, and makes us fellow students at the feet of our common and beneficent science—let me presume to point out a few temptations to be overcome—but not to be avoided; a few things to be suffered—not to be shunned; a few things that were good to be done—not how to do them, in the work that should be our love as well as our life.

I take it for granted, in view of the profession you have chosen, that you are fully awake to the busy, practical character of this age. If I could express a fear, it is that the tendency is to be too wide awake to that which seems to be rather than to that which really is. It is a custom to which we are all

more or less addicted, to laud this century in the most fulsome terms, and inwardly congratulate ourselves that our lives have been cast in such pleasant places among the ages, and amid such stirring scenes of development and progress. We call it the era of the sciences—the womb of freedom—the paragon of centuries; and men have been found wild enough to fancy that ere its close we shall have quit the ocean of endeavor and lain down in the green pastures and by the still waters of Utopia. We have thrown the cap of republican liberty in the face of every dynasty, past, present, and to come; and we cry out to the confused congress of nations—here is your model, and here is your master. We spread our iron nets from ocean to ocean to catch the flocks and the harvests, and every moment of time is a mile in space. We sit down on the shore and talk to England as though the ocean were only a smoking-room table with a green cloth cover, edged with white fringe, for shores. We make a speech, and before we have wiped our brows it is half way over the continent. Some of us go so far that we say to Philosophy, to History, and even to Inspiration, you are dupes and idiots; here is my science, there is nothing true but that. We want, perchance, a theory, and in a score of days we have twenty in a polar sea of type, girt about by a snowy margin, which, if a man be bold enough to cross, he shall scarcely return again. We want a great man in politics, or a great general; a convention or a “special” will puff you more in a month than time can pigeon-hole in a year. We want a religion, perhaps; we have but to state quality of our conscience, and the license we demand for it, and though never so black a sheep, we may find a shepherd. We want a shaft for a steamship; we pound it into shape with a hammer that Jupiter could not have nodded into motion, and whittle off the edges as a boy smooths his arrows. We want raiment, and a thousand looms are humming, and millions of shuttles, like little boats, are making lightning voyages from margin to margin of the brilliant fabric; and lastly, by way of our own profession, we want a leg amputated. Instead of a week’s consultation and preparation, with four men to hold us, and two more to cut and saw and plunge the stump into hot tar to stop the bleeding, we go to sleep and wake

up a little reduced, but not very uncomfortable. A little brandy, a newspaper, and cold water dressing, regularly applied, and in a comparatively short time we hop around the corner, buy almost as good looking a leg as we buried, put it on as we would a boot, and go about our business as though nothing dreadful had happened. In fact, we not only create what we want almost as quickly as the need reaches us, but we even create wants for the gratification of supplying them. I do not wonder that Darwin should attempt to link the races with the brute creation, and that he could see in the ceaseless conflicts and antagonisms in human intelligences nothing but another type of brute instincts intensified into what he has been pleased to call "a struggle for life." Yet, when he came to that missing link, when he stood on the brink of that chasm, with neither height nor depth nor farther shore—where naught was but space and spirit and the mists of vision, something in himself might have taught him that there is that within us which no mind can fathom nor any science explain. That which is not seen is mightier than all this which comes to the surface—as that which shall be revealed hereafter is more wonderful than heart of man can conceive. This is the struggle in humanity, and here is the battle joined. These souls, with their infinite longings; these hearts with their terrible impulses, and these minds, that, like caged eagles, can look at heaven, but never breathe its air, are the working forces in life; and what we do or make for the body is only that more may be added to the bliss of that divine breath within us in whose destiny every age is involved. It must be so, for even in our own time a million lives were as nothing weighed against one principle.

I have said thus much in regard to the times because I wanted to advise you to come out from this great workshop and consider the world as a place to *think in*; and an infinitely better place to act in when you have thought. That, unlike, nineteenth of the world, you could hear something else than this noise, see something else besides this machinery, and dream of something better than the gold which some novel thing or speculation may bring you. It is in the spirit of these vast competitive business designs, and in these stupendous money-making

schemes and monopolies, that the worst feature of our nationality is produced. I need hardly say I refer to the lack of honesty in the business relations of men. In mercantile life, we hardly know whom to trust; in political circles, we scarcely credit the possibility of rectitude; and in professional life, which of all others should be stainless, dishonest means frequently cast disgrace upon worthy ends.

In our own field, men have prostituted both position and profession to the basest of uses, to acquire mere wealth, irrespective of the respectability and honor which attaches to an honest, legitimate practice. Hence to the world are yearly born an infinite progeny of nonstrums and panaceas, tonics and bitters, sprung from the ugly dreams of demons and baptized with a lie. Regular physicians are found who, scorning the regular advances in medical practice, pander to the vices which beget disease, foster the maladies which they propose to cure, and, like the bat of India, fan with a devil's wing the wound they make. Even though they take their ease, it is at the sacrifice of all that makes it worthy or even decent to live. The only wonder is, that the stream of humanity, fretted with human wrecks, ghastly and livid with squandered lives, does not rise and wipe them from the earth, just as the angry Scamander, choked and swollen with the bodies of the slain, arose to engulf the weary butcher Achilles, who paused upon its brink.

It will be fortunate for you, gentlemen, if you can mingle with this medical empiricism without becoming a part of it. It is the first temptation that assails you, and it comes when your patience is nearly exhausted awaiting a practice. Only remember, that a true career is like a life; it is an emanation from God, because it is part of God's work, and has a divinely vitalized germ, a development and destiny, a seed time and harvest.

There are but two great classes of evils in the world—moral and physical. Every man pretends to be his own physician in the one case; but we profess to divide the labor with him in the other event, and that is our only mission, and through the individual we reach the community at large.

I have often thought that there was a close analogy between

the moral and the physical ministry. Sin is everywhere, and so is disease. A sin may be peculiar to one, and so may a disease. There are epidemics and maladies and contagions in morals as there are in physics. Sometimes the preacher must cry out against the evil of a whole community, and again against the infirmities of one soul; and just as a man's moral influence may affect a whole community, so may a man's physical life and habit extend throughout a wide circle. While I am aware that, as in olden times, the ancients said, so now Zeus mingles the cup of life from the two urns containing but the two elements, good and evil, yet, we all know that he lives happiest and longest who heeds the voices of conscience and of nature. If God saw fit to give the conscience, which was a law unto itself, a revelation, so has he given to the body, which is in its instincts a law unto itself, a revelation in our science.

There are those who consider and preach that disease is a special dispensation or chastisement from heaven. But with strange inconsistency they submit to the decree with a bad grace, and physic themselves like your ordinary mortal who takes his punishment without any consciousness of having deserved it. No! it is only a dispensation in so far as the revelation of nature has been violated and then it is a consequence.

In a book entitled "Two Years Ago," One Tom Thurnall discourses in this wise to the curate, and I think it expresses our work pointedly and well:

"It's a sort of sporting with your true doctor. He blazes away at a disease where he sees one, as he would at a bear or a lion; the very sight of it excites his organ of destructiveness. Don't you understand me? You hate sin, you know. Well, I hate disease. Moral evil is your devil, and physical evil is mine. I hate it, little or big; I hate to see a fellow sick; I hate to see a child rickety and pale; I hate to see a speck of dirt in the street; I hate to see a woman's gown torn; I hate to see her stockings down at the heel; I hate to see anything wasted, anything awry, anything going wrong; I hate to see water-power wasted, manure wasted, land wasted, muscle wasted, pluck wasted, brains wasted; I hate neglect, incapacity, idleness, ignorance, and all the disease and misery which springs out of that. There's my devil, and I can't help for the life of me going right at his throat, wheresoever I meet him."

Like priests and curates we are to be the students of our God-given truth which is at the basis of our Physical Church; the expounders of its faith, the examplers of its precepts, and the missionaries of its blessings.

Now with what mental acquirements must one approach this labor? The most that a man ever had would not be too much, provided he concentrated it on the one occupation, and like Sir Isaac Newton, declare himself a child before the vast ocean of the yet unknown before him. Knowledge is vain that it knows so much. Wisdom is humble that it knows so little. Come then with all you have, and with all you can acquire, not in the pride of knowledge but in the humble simplicity of wisdom, for with arrogant and preconceived notions science and truth hold no converse.

I would not send you back into the past, gentlemen, for all your principles, nor all your facts, nor for your models; but I think it would do us all good to drink at the ancient fountains which have always been so lavish of their treasures. It will hardly do for us to take the living for our model, for we shall become mere imitators. We need to be the disciples of no man or school, past or present, all we want of the present is opportunity, and all we want of the past is history, facts and impulse; for examples of devotion to science for the sake of science we need nothing better than the lives of its many martyrs. There is no grander picture in all history than that group of Grecian philosophers struggling out of the sensual, intellectual and religious chaos, into morality—into reason—into the first faint blushes of the dawn of that spiritual worship which had its realization in the lowly Nazarene—the weary watcher at the door of our hearts whose sweet ministry was too supplant the lusts of the sacred grove, and the deception at the altar. We are nearer those men than we imagine. We need not fear to follow them, for a common bond of humanity unites the students of science. The great human type remains the same; and even though the “Chaste Lucretia no longer adores the unchaste Venus,” and the altar fires are out along the shores of the Adriatic—Jupiter only marble in a Museum, the Memnon voiceless, and Isis a swindle, even these *great soul changes* have not changed the essential man. The

little Ulysses climbing the knees of his father's guest begging a taste of the red wine and spitting it in his surprise at the unusual taste; then again in the garden at Ithaca, running by the side of Laertes who gives him this tree and that, that he may remember their names the better—then that other picture of the child plucking at the nurse's robe and begging to be carried; children on the sea-shore, sailing their mimic ships, and building their sand-houses only to scatter them in very wantonness; the impudent and gossiping house-maid and valet stealing from the master's larder to carry away to their friends—all these pictures from Homer's pen make man of three thousand years ago as if he had been yesterday.

If a man and an advocate were to ask me to point him out a model, I should be tempted to say Cicero—not Cicero when he knew not whom to serve, Cæsar or Pompey—but Cicero when crowned with years and fame and wealth, took a journey that he might study rhetoric and elocution at the feet of some obscure pedagogue of whom he had heard. If a clergyman, who wanted a human model—why Telemachus, when he rushed into the Colosseum in the midst of the murderous games, and lifted up his hands and voice against unhallowed amusement. And I would point you, gentlemen, to him we call the "Father of Medicine," Hippocrates. Although a priest of Æsculapius, and initiated into the mysteries and rites of the order, as soon as he had caught the first inspiration of truth, perhaps from the atomistic theory of Democritus, at whose feet he studied, henceforth to him the temples and priests were lies and false prophets. Whether as student, or traveler, or practitioner, his life was marked out. Scorned, slandered, reviled, threatened, he died; but before he died he had lifted medicine from a superstition of the most ridiculous and injurious character to the dignity of a true and benevolent science. He knew no difference between vein and artery, or nerve and tendon, and he calls muscles flesh; yet what he did know was vital to him, and he employed every particle of it. He had to combat prejudice, superstition, and a well-organized, powerful medical theocracy, an age of æsthetics and rhapsodies—we have for our foes fraud, deceit, vice, drunk-

enness, tenement-houses, assignation-houses, houses of ill fame, fond and foolish mothers, and stupid corporations.

From those ancient germs have sprung our science, one that has been a most potent civilizer, because its basis is truth and its deductions are to that same end. It is a science with which all others have more or less to do. Sometimes it borrows and sometimes it lends, and chemistry is its handmaiden. What mathematics is to astronomy, chemistry is to medicine. A thought concerning the history of medicine must give you at once an appreciation of the vastness of the field before you. The strides it has taken, the important attitude it has assumed in law and the institutions of humanity, the various systems to which it has given rise, the various philosophies of which it forms a part, and the numerous departments which its extension has necessitated, and its classifications, all make it one of the most important as well as one of the most complicated of sciences as a profession.

You will have ample time, gentlemen, at the commencement of your labor, for thought and study. Many an hour will find you idle, unless you choose to employ your time at your offices; and I need not tell you that in a life-work like our own an hour wasted is almost a crime. There is much to read that is old and necessary. There is much that is new in the medical periodicals of the day which no practitioner can afford to dispense with. Cases, like relapsing fever, which we have seen in New York, are continually appearing, not always as epidemics—seldom, perhaps—but as specific and peculiar to a locality or an individual. The types of disease are changing with habits and customs, and for aught we know to the contrary, to unseen climatic and elementary influences. These are to be studied in themselves—as much in their causes as in their effects. We know, for instance, that certain plagues seem to have disappeared; but do we know that they will never visit us again. Great epidemics are like great revolutions, apt at almost any time to repeat themselves; and those we have always with us may grow till they are beyond our power to control. Certainly the same causes must produce like results, and only in knowing them intimately can we at all anticipate and provide for them.

The literature of our profession—grand, important, vital, interesting—as such, should be studied with an intense, eager devotion.

You will begin your practice in a general way. You will be called upon for medical services connected with your entire profession in its very widest scope and aim, and I suppose now you are determined to shrink from no responsibility whenever it may occur. You will find, however, before long, that in particular cases you are more successful than in others, whether from a better acquaintance with or a more absorbing interest in them. At the same time you will begin to appreciate the length and breadth of your profession, and to see that an attempt to master it all will be useless and presumptuous. Your inclinations and your abilities will direct you to the choice of what is comparatively a recent word in our vocabulary—a “specialty.” Specialties have become, in the advanced state of our science, an absolute necessity. Our field has so widened and lengthened that we must make a division of labor. When that which at first may seem but a mere accident, namely, that certain diseases yield to you more readily than others—when your inclination or bias, or interest, or whatever you please to call it, shall point to some specific class of local diseases with a force and uniformity in result which gives you no reason to doubt your adaptability to the peculiar treatment, thenceforth let all your spare moments, all your habits of thought, all your surplus energies and affections, tend toward the one specialty, resting assured that by this concentration you will be able to do more for humanity and for yourself, and also in the confidence that you are working at your true mission and destiny, a something to which, like poets, you were born.

I have already suggested that you be honest and patient, that you be earnest and studious, and that you apply all to some special department of your profession; but something else remains, something that whether you be all you should be in other respects will lend a charm to honesty and scholarship and success which nothing can have without it. Be *gentlemen*. Not gentlemen in the sense of manner and address and appearance; but be gentlemen in your instincts—courteous, kind, gentle,

judicious. You must be nurse as well as physician frequently, and while bluntness and a gruff overbearing manner may inspire a certain amount of confidence, it will hardly compensate for the loss of practice which must follow in an age when so much attention is being paid to the graces of life.

I said in the early part of my remarks that you would be called upon to suffer in the course of your practice. Yes, ignorance in the individual and stupidity—physical stupidity—everywhere, lack of encouragement, of appreciation, and in fact all the crosses and trials of which flesh is heir in all lands, and to that other and more difficult affliction you must be subject—that of meaning well and having evil imputed unto you. A truth perhaps may appeal to you; a discovery in science, in medicine, in diagnosis and prognosis—a better method for this operation and a surer remedy for this affliction. Tell it to the world as though your tongue were inspired, and live down the envy which must ensue. Time and truth never await belief, they force it, or leave it far behind.

Only a word more, and all that lends a sadness to the day is over. We are like travelers whom the accidents of business or inclination have thrown together. We have drank at the same fountains of knowledge; we have talked and reasoned together, and in the congeniality of tastes and pursuits, and in the luxury of communion, we have forgotten that every moment was bearing us nearer the place and hour when we must shake hands and part. The place is here, the hour is now. A noble institution commissions you champions of a benign, amiable, magnificent science—an institution rich in years, in memories, in examples. Ye have been faithful over a few things—go be master over many. I do not fear for your future. We shall never all meet again, unless it be when the waters of the dark river are dripping from our garments as our feet touch the eternal shores. God grant it may be on the sunny side. Until then "Hail and Farewell."

ADDRESS

OF

P. T. KEENE, M. D.,

Valedictorian of the Class of 1870.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

Conforming to a custom, the members of the present Graduating Class of the Medical Department of Georgetown College have chosen one of their number to represent them in their commencement exercises, and I have the honor to address you in that capacity.

Following, as I do, so closely upon our esteemed Professor, whose eloquent and instructive words are even now lingering with pleasing impression upon your minds, I crave your charitable consideration, and shall count it a rare privilege if I may only twine about the stately towers he has erected a few slender vines, which, clinging to their strong support, may climb up into the light, stretch out their leaves, and feel the genial influence of the broad noonday resting there.

After months of unremitting application to study, many of us with uncommon obstacles to overcome, sometimes almost discouraged, well nigh fainting, but ever looking steadfastly toward this hour, we come now, like weary footworn pilgrims, to the gates of a friendly city, where we are welcomed and refreshed, and receive, at the hands of those journeying in the same direction, scrip, passports through the new country we are about to enter.

Our dear friends, we truly appreciate the many evidences of the earnestness of your good wishes and approval manifested here to-day, and we would one and all extend to you the warm hand of friendship, feeling sincerely thankful for the heartiness of your encouragement.

It is the essential province of the noble profession we have

chosen to minister to the wants of the suffering, wherever found ; to be the guardians of the physical well-being of the communities entrusted to our charge ; to go to the bedside of the sick, to recognize and wrestle with disease in all its multitude of forms ; to see a human being, trembling upon the very brink of eternity, brought, by our skill, back to safety and usefulness, and to behold in the eyes of the dying man gratitude that we have calmed his raging pain and made his couch "soft as downy pillows;" to be an ever present help in time of need—a constant adviser and friend.

By the roll of parchment just now placed in our hands our highest faculties are willingly, yes *joyously*, dedicated to your service, but to you, as individual members of the community in which we are to move, shall we look for a just appreciation of our efforts, and for the actuating influences and motives of public opinion which shall govern our standing in the profession, and determine and modify that countenance, co-operation, and substantial support, on your part, without which all the intelligence and skill of the best physicians are, oftentimes, of little or no avail.

The "Art of Cure" has always been enveloped in a sort of mystery—doctors have delighted to retire, as it were, behind a dark curtain, and, amid the smoke and noise and weird wizardry of the bubbling caldron, to issue thence their mystical prescriptions, like oracles to trembling devotees. They have been looked upon as supernatural beings, to be conciliated and approached with caution, as bearing with them the dread list of the doomed, written by the King of Terrors himself, and commissioned to exercise their own discretion in replenishing the realms below. So that, until a very recent date, knowledge of the human body, so fearfully and wonderfully made, and of the diseases which afflict mankind, has been a closed book to all except a favored few, admitted by Divine decree into its sacred courts. But since the perfect light of unfettered thought, with cheering beams, has dawned upon dark superstition, its bigotry and idolatry have been dispelled, and behold how rapidly has general knowledge of physiology and hygiene increased. As a consequence, physicians no longer trust to charm and incantation, nor

to powdered wig and knowing mien, but build their hope of success upon the sure foundation of absolute knowledge, and must be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them.

All this has resulted in unmistakable and permanent good to the human race, teaching what intimate relations exist between physical health and mental and moral strength and happiness, and leading minds out from the dismal, winter bondage of ignorance into an ever brightening, marvellous light and freedom. Indeed, "knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven," and he who, in the clear light of modern research, studies the wonderful structure and mechanism of the human body, or stands only upon the steps and looks up at that magnificent temple, the human mind, feels his heart strangely filled with reverential fear, and his spirit borne on golden pinions nearer to the Infinite and Omniscient.

With this wide-spread dissemination of useful knowledge among the masses, we look for one great and good result—the better estimation of our profession.

When we read the history of medicine and find there the record of heroism and self-sacrifice of noble men, with courage true as steel, at their post of duty, saving human lives, on battlefields, in hospitals, and in the midst of fearful contagion, then search for monuments to their memory, erected by a grateful people, and find not one, but everywhere proud pillar and statue and dome written over with the praises of men who have waded through the blood of their countrymen up to thrones; when we go out into the world and see how sparingly and reluctantly is meted out the modicum of encouragement, patronage, and honor to physicians, whose contributions to science are of such infinite benefit to humanity, whose whole lives have been continued devotions to the welfare of their fellow-men; when we see inventors of patent nostrums building gorgeous palaces, and humbugs drawn in triumphal cars amid the acclamations of the admiring multitude, we are convinced that a great wrong is done to a profession second to none, and that the vast majority do not intelligently appreciate its importance.

We earnestly and confidently hope for the time to come when the people, tired of the great pride and pomposity that now rules

the world, tired of running after shadows, shall seek the only sure basis of health, prosperity and happiness—the solid principles of truth. Then will the physician be regarded in his true position, not in the same category with a box of patent pills, but as an experienced and skilful pilot, and, when the storm comes and their frail bark is driven, like a frightened bird, farther and farther out to sea, men will cheerfully and confidently call upon him to take the helm, that, with steady hand and watchful eye, he may guide them into the harbor of safety.

Our professors have neglected no opportunity to impress upon our minds the virtue of patient waiting; in other words, of waiting for patients, and have pictured, in brilliant colors, a cozy office, an easy chair, plenty of medical books, and days, yes, months—nay, some have even ventured to predict *years* of calm, undisturbed, reading and watching and waiting. We are constrained to admit the artist's fidelity to nature, and approach the dread tribunal of public opinion with minds tempered by due deference and veneration, but we ask of you that consideration which our individual qualities and acquirements entitle us to, as men alive to a sense of the dignity of our calling, and ambitious to enjoy, when we shall deserve it, your highest confidence.

RESPECTED GENTLEMEN OF THE FACULTY:

To your diligent and excellent teaching, to your encouragement and prompting, to your uniform patient kindness, we largely owe that measure of success, that fruition which here, to-day, we experience; and gratitude unspeakable is our heart's earnest expression. Nobly and faithfully have you toiled and reasoned with us, and been our constant guide, threading this mazy labyrinth. Particularly do we prize the abundant fruits of your experience dispensed so freely for our strength and refreshment. And now, as we bid adieu to the lecture-room and pass out into active life, our strong bond of obligation is, to so acquit ourselves as to receive your endorsement, and that you may never regret the confidence you now repose in us, but

rather may look with honest pride upon our integrity and prosperity.

The intimate relations between teacher and pupil, ripening from confidence and respect into filial love, are among the most permanent in life, and a shadow of sadness crosses our thoughts when we realize that these are parting words, that associations so pleasant and profitable to us are to be broken, and we would not have you ignorant of our appreciation of your efforts, nor of the firm attachment we have formed for you individually.

Wherever in the wide world our lot may be cast, and whatever fortune betide, the truths you have so carefully inculcated, the motives you have instilled, and the sound principles you have engrafted upon our minds, shall be our stronghold of defence and support, and keep ever fresh in memory the hours we have spent listening to your instruction.

May Heaven spare your lives to reap, year after year, the plentiful rewards of labor well performed, and grant a peaceful sunset to your long and toilsome day.

MY FELLOW-CLASSMATES:

As I turn to you my mind is filled with thoughts I would I could more worthily express. Now I know of what sterling value is pleasant and intelligent association, and realize how very closely are men bound in brotherhood who labor in a common cause.

Up from long days and nights of study, from doubts and fears, self-denials, and sacrifices of money and pleasure, we come to their reward—the joy of this present time. While we cordially grasp the hand of congratulation, we can exclaim: “Heaven be praised, the prize is ours!” Yes, we hold in our hands a Diploma in Medicine; this very hour we have received it, and “God speed,” from our Alma Mater.

Who of us now regrets those earnest efforts, or would retrace his steps and find himself again floating, floating with the multitude, on the great tide of idlers, selfish seekers after pleasure alone—floating, without an aim, out into oblivion? Now, we realize that it is good for a man to be taken out into the ocean

and thrown overboard, that he may struggle manfully to the shore, and feel, ever afterwards, the conscious dignity of self-reliance—a strong tower of strength.

As travelers toiling up the steep sides of the mountain come sometimes to a level spot, bathed in sunshine, where they pause and look down upon the dangers and chilling clouds they have passed, and survey the difficulties rising high before them; as birds, migrating to more genial climes, fold their wings and rest awhile upon the topmast of a friendly ship in mid-ocean, and take reckoning; as workmen, weary with much labor, come to their homes at evening and receive, from those they love, smiles of approval and sweet encouragement for the task of to-morrow—so we here, standing upon the eminence we have reached, the first stage ended, rest, with our dear friends around us, renew our expressions of regard for each other, and take counsel for the future, which, with all its uncertainty, still beams so brightly before us.

Perhaps one of the first and most important lessons we have to learn is, that our diploma, though necessary and valuable, is but a record of the past, showing that we have completed a certain round of study, and opening to us no royal road to success but that of constant, earnest, uncompromising labor. The hard experience of others teaches that to build any hope of permanent prosperity upon this parchment, is to build upon sand; teaches us also that a foundation hewn out of the reluctant granite, by our own labor-loving hands, is sufficient for the grandest fabric human intellect can rear.

We are told that ours is a laborious profession, and that we cannot hope to reach in it any prominent position except through much exposure, anxiety, and fatigue. We know that our future is one long day of constant toil; but, with all these warning realities before us, we rejoice in the opportunity to earn for our names a place on the Roll of Honor with those of men whose grandeur of thought and purity of life shed their light through all the darkness of doubt or fear, and beckon us on to do and dare in the fight they have so gloriously maintained.

The conscientious physician, who labors with an enthusiastic love for the work, whose thoughts and acts are prompted by the

true spirit of philanthropy, has oftentimes a present reward "shedding sweet influence" upon his life, which, even once experienced, is ample recompense for years of constant effort.

Thanks, too deep for words to express, looking from the eyes of a mother, while she prays for God's blessing upon him who has brought her darling child back to her bosom again, with the smile and bloom of health upon its cheek ; words whose sincerity and poetry fill the heart with tender sympathy, speaking the gratitude of a wife who again feels around her the strong arm of him whose life is her life, whose suffering in those long days and nights of agony she would gladly have borne for him ; that indescribable breathing of welcome and confidence which greets the physician's entrance to that sick-room, where lies the daughter, the pride of the household, slowly breathing away her life. In his eyes that trembling father and mother look to catch the first gleam of hope, in his hands they place their priceless pearl, and stake upon his skill all of their life worth living for. O ! the happiness that dwells in that home, the prayer of thankfulness that goes up to Heaven, when the music of her voice is heard again, when her arms are stretched toward them and her glad face, pure as the spotless lily, is present with them and wakens into joy every pulse of their being—richer still that abiding personal gratification and enthusiasm which nerves the arm and fires the intellect of him who feels that he is contributing by his skill and experience, to a better knowledge of the grandest of all callings, that of relieving the sufferings of humanity, therein following his Divine Master who went about doing good. Yes, *doing good!* Magical words! What sweeter recompense for "Life's endless toil and endeavor," than this one thought—I have been doing good.

All these are the rewards of labor we may expect to experience if successful in practice—the precious compensations scattered all along the pathway of a profession, which might indeed be thought an occupation little to be coveted, were it not for the satisfaction which they afford.

But, although labor is inevitable, there are duties of paramount importance which we owe to ourselves, and, among them, manifestly none more prominent than these: that we preserve

an irreproachable character, and enjoy all the good things Heaven so bountifully bestows, that our hearts may be always young and our spirits fresh and free. These ends we understand are to be accomplished not, necessarily, by fulfilling the traditional ideal, and always walking

“With thoughtful face, and sad, majestic eyes,”

but by a pure, upright life in the sight of God, and a lively appreciation of what is good and beautiful in the external world around us.

In what is good and beautiful we comprehend the thousand influences all about us which awaken sentiments that teach, making the heart better and the life happier. The flower, the fruit, the “sere and yellow leaf,” the summer shower, the winter’s raging storm, the tiniest plant, the rifted oak centuries old, the exquisite revelations of the microscope, the giant monsters alive or fossilized, snow-crowned summits, wide waving fields of golden grain, the rippling brook, the sounding cataract, forests swaying and creaking in the hurricane or lulled to sleep by the whispering breeze, the crystal lake in calm repose basking under the cloudless sky of noon—great ocean, vexed by the furious gale, tumbling his huge bursting mountains upon the echoing rocks—Nature, everywhere glorious in her countless forms of beauty, proclaiming the power, wisdom, and goodness of creation’s God, all whose works “praise Him and magnify Him forever”—Music, Poetry, Painting, Books—all these are the teachers of the human heart, the purifiers of its thoughts and actions, and no man, be his station or profession what it may, can afford to shut out the gracious influences they throw around his life, and weave, with golden threads, into every web of his experience.

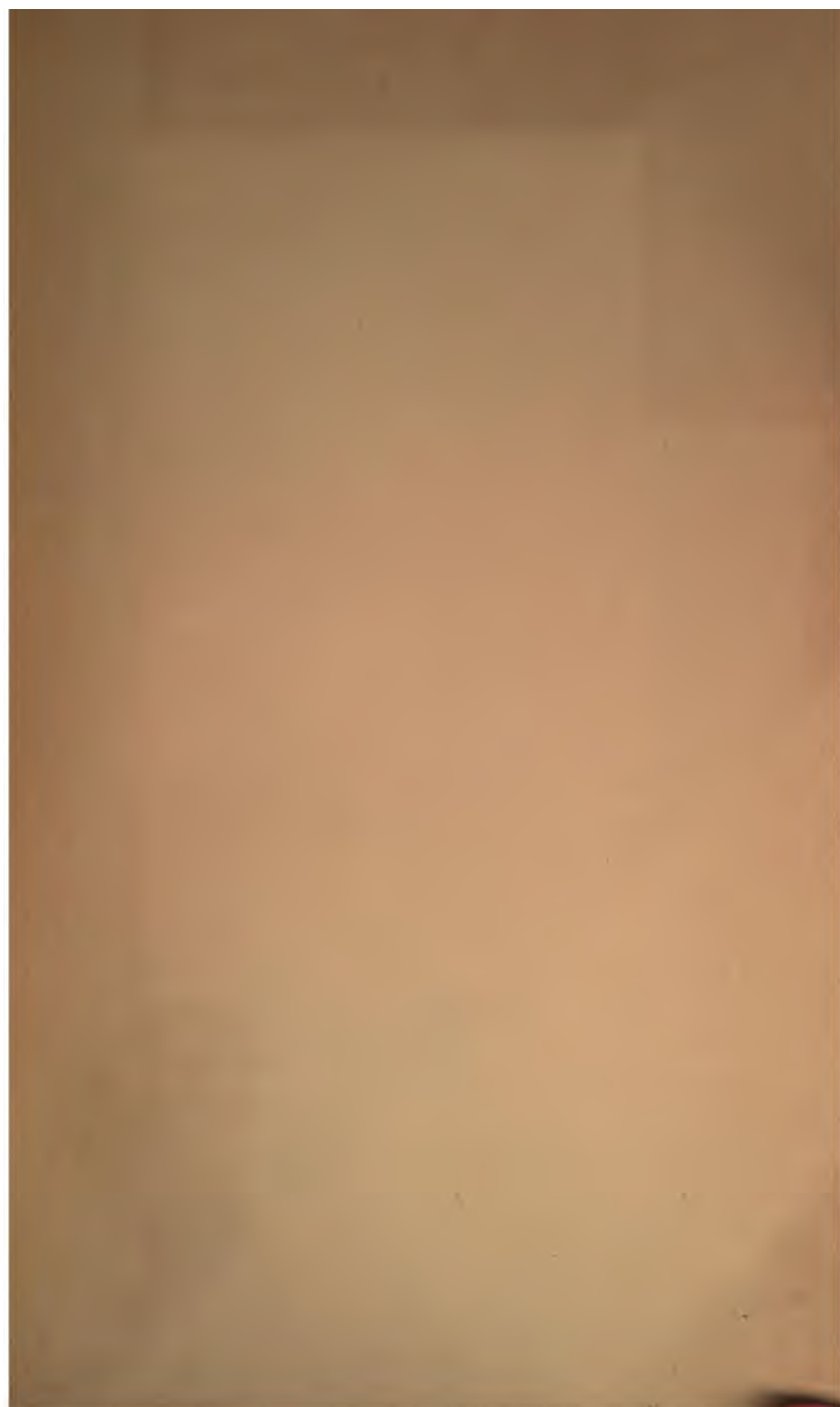
No! in whatever path of life man is destined to travel he is given emotions, perceptions, and faculties for enjoyment, and with them the means for their gratification, and he but poorly fulfils his destiny who devotes all his powers, his moments, his thoughts to schemes which begin and end in pecuniary advantage, who digs and toils and drudges until the germ of his best

nature—that, warmed by the genial atmosphere of a cultivated life, might have enriched and sanctified his being—is warped and chilled, and dies undeveloped, in a heart through whose stony walls no ray of vivifying light ever enters, except it be reflected from gold and silver dollars, its glittering idols.

Now we come to say “Farewell.” Here our ways begin to diverge. Each, with his little experience, his hopes, his fears, and his ambitions locked safely away from human sight in his own heart, starts out upon the highway of professional life. Let us, then, with this parting grasp of the hand, dedicate our lives to the conscientious discharge of the high calling we have chosen, well assured that He who holds us as in the hollow of his hand, in storm or sunshine, in disappointment or success, will be our firm rock of reliance and cover us with the shield of his Omnipotence.

“ If our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true
To the toil and task we have to do,
We shall sail securely and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy and not of fear.”





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